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[WHOLE NO. 215.]



Golden Island.

#### CHINESE SKETCHES.

The Chinese are divided into three religious sects, who are followers of the tenets inculcated by Confucius, Laou Keun or Taou, and Fo or Buddha. The Confucian is the religion of the state, although the emperor builds and endows temples belonging to the other sects. The system of Confucius may be more properly termed a system of morality than a religion, as it is intended to inculcate the duties of men toward each other, rather than those which they owe to a superior being. The Confucians believe in one supreme Deity, but they have no regular priesthood; their religious rites consisting solely of sacrifices made in the temples on stated occasions, when the emperor officiates as high-priest and the chief mandarins as his subordinates. The heavens, earth, sun and moon, are worshipped; when the heavens are worshipped, the emperor is clad in silken robes of azure blue; when the earth, his robes are saffron colored; the sun is worshipped in crimson robes, and the moon in robes of a cream white hue. The sacrifices are offered at fixed periods: that to heaven is made on the day of the winter solstice; that to earth, on the day of the summer solstice; the others being made according to the inclination or pleasure of the emperor. The victims sacrificed are cows, pigs, bullocks and sheep; these are cut up and cooked, being afterward placed upon altars dedicated to heaven and earth; the form of the altar dedicated to the former is round—to the latter, square. Before taking part in any of these sacrificial rites, the following regulations are enforced: a rigid fast must be maintained for three entire days, neither listening to music, conversing with wives or concubines, or mourning for the dead during that period. The mode of worship consists in numerous prostrations before the altar, kotouing, or knocking the head nine times against the ground; but when the emperor personally officiates, the kotouing is not performed by him, bowing to the altar being substituted for the prostrations. Once in the course of the twelve months, the empress, princesses, and imperial handmaids, or concubines, are allowed to take part in the minor sacrifices.

If the various rites and ceremonies prescribed by Confucius are not followed by the officers of state, a fine is inflicted; but if any priests of Taou or Buddha should attempt to imitate the ceremonies of the state religion, it is deemed profanation, and they are punished most severely; if any unauthorized or common person should attempt to hold communication with the gods, or make known their desires or wants to their gods, after the manner adopted or used by the emperor, for the first offence they receive sixty-five blows with a bamboo on the soles of the feet; if the offence is repeated, then they suffer death by strangulation. The objects worshipped by the followers of Confucius are numerous; but the following are the principal persons and things to which sacrifices are offered, and these sacrifices are

divided into several classes, such as the chief sacrifices, the medium sacrifices, sacrifices for the multitude, sacrifices in time of drought, sickness, and war, &c. The Lord of heaven; Confucius, the founder of the sect; the ancient patron of the silk manufacture; the first patron of agriculture; the ancient patron of medicine; the spirits of scholars and statesmen; the gods of the earth and its produce; the gods of heaven, earth, and the passing year; the god of a thoroughfare through which an army must pass; the queen goddess of heaven and earth; the heavens, or the imperial concave; the earth; the principal temple of ancestors; the sun, the moon, and the stars; the four elements; the five principal mountains of China; the four seas, the highest hills, the largest rivers; military flags, banners, and trophies; these are the chief objects of worship.

Two thousand and nearly four hundred years have elapsed since the death of Confucius; yet his name continues to be held in as much veneration as ever throughout the Chinese empire; and although he did not pretend to divine inspiration like Mohammed, or profess to be endowed with more than human attributes, he is worshipped as a superior being, and many temples are dedicated to him in all the provinces of China.

The sect of the Buddhists is supposed to have been founded about four hundred and fifty years before the birth of Confucius, by an Indian sage of royal birth, who is said to have devoted his whole life to the instruction and moral improvement of the people and the reformation of their religion, which was that of the Brahmans. The name of the illustrious sage was Buddha; and one of the leading features of his spiritual doctrines was the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls; according to which doctrine the Buddhists believe that the soul only quits one corporeal frame to animate another, not necessarily of the human species; and for that reason a Buddhist is forbidden, by the laws of his creed, to destroy animal life in any shape. When Buddha died, his followers believed that he was transformed into the god Fo, by which name he is also worshipped; and is said to have three different forms, which the priests represent in their temples by three great gilded idols, which they term the three precious Buddhas.

Buddhism was first brought into China in the reign of Mingti, the fifteenth emperor of the Han dynasty. This prince, in studying the works of Confucius, met with certain words which appeared to him to mean that the true religion was to be sought for in the West: a passage which some suppose to have prophesied the coming of Christ. The emperor sent messengers abroad to inquire concerning the faith of the western nations; but they only went as far as India, where Buddhism prevailed, but where there were no teachers of Christianity; therefore they concluded that Buddhism must be the religion they were in

search of, and returned to China, taking with them some bonzes or priests of that persuasion, which has ever since been tolerated by the Chinese government, but has never superseded the Confucian system, which has always been upheld as the chief religion of the state. This happened in the early days of Christianity, about the time that the Jewish empire was overthrown, and the city of Jerusalem destroyed by the Roman emperor Titus. The Buddhist priesthood dwell together in communities in the manner of monks, subsisting chiefly upon alms, like the mendicant friars of the Catholic church. The temples are their monasteries; and the pagodas, of which so many are seen in different parts of China, were first erected in that country by the priests of Buddha, to whose worship they belong. The head of this religion, who holds the same rank among the votaries of Buddhism as the pope does among those of the Catholic church, is called the grand lama. He resides with much state in Tibet, and is supposed to be immortal; for when he dies, it is given out that his soul has passed into the body of some infant, whom the priests pretend to identify by certain signs, and who is brought up in the belief that the same spirit which animated the form of his predecessor, exists within himself. Thus the office of grand lama always continues with infamy, and lasts till the close of life. There are a great many female devotees belonging to this faith who live, like nuns, secluded from the world, and never marry; but they are not so numerous in China as in Tibet, Japan and Tartary. The dress of the nuns is the same as that of the Buddhist priests; namely, a long, black robe. Their head, also, is entirely shaven; consequently, in the street, it is almost impossible to distinguish the bonze from the bonzess. The Buddhists have five prohibitory commandments, which they very strictly observe. These are:—Not to destroy animal life; not to steal; not to speak falsely; not to drink wine; and to the priests or bonzes, not to marry. Their belief, as to their final state, is, that after having passed through a certain term of probation upon this earth under various forms, they shall at length be received into the paradise of Buddha, and partake of his divine nature. Some of the Chinese sovereigns adopted this faith, while others encouraged the sect of Taou, which was founded in the time of Confucius by a sage named Laou-Keun, whose disciples assumed the title of Tso-tse, or "doctors of reason;" but their claim to this distinctive appellation appears doubtful, their principal studies being alchemy and the art of magic. From them emanated the absurd notion, which in former times was very prevalent in Europe, that a liquid might be prepared the use of which would prolong human existence beyond its natural term; and also that an art might be discovered of turning inferior metals into gold—the former termed the elixir of life, the latter the philosopher's stone. The Taou-tee mingled religious rites with their pretended skill in magic, and were in fact the priests of their sect. They long possessed great influence in China, and were patronized by many of the emperors, but they have now fallen into disrepute.

#### FROM THE MOUNT VERNON RECORD.

Mount Vernon and its Master.

WRITTEN FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON: February 22d, 1860.

BY L. HUNTLEY SHOOTEN.

A voice upon the breeze,  
Mount Vernon's cypress sighs,  
Where "being dead" he speaketh yet,  
Who there in honor lies.  
He, who on annual high,  
Hath won a stainless part;  
The first in war, the first in peace—  
First in his country's heart.

"Hail glorious Realm, that spreads  
From cliffs with snowy crest,  
To where the green magnolia makes  
Floridian forests blest.  
From broad Atlantic's shore,  
On to the gates of gold,  
That guard the portal of the West,  
An empire uncontrolled.

"Peace waves her banner fair,  
Wealth in thy harvest glows,  
Glad sounds of spindle, wheel and loom,  
Thine industry disclose.  
Commerce, from every zone  
Brings countless treasures back,  
And enterprise, with steeds of fire,  
Speeds o'er a lightning track.

"I mark in contrast strong,  
The dark colonial state;  
The kindling flesh of liberty,  
The struggle with the great,  
The towns in duress held,  
The flames that on them fell,  
The prison ships, the long retreat,  
The conflict, and the dead.

"Again, through winter camps,  
I hear the tempest blow,  
And see the half-dread soldiers leave  
Their blood-spots on the snow.  
Yet, side by side they stand,  
A firm, devoted band,  
Nor could the British Lion's might  
Such brotherhood withstand.

"Long years of storm and strife  
Quenched not the hallow'd light  
That from beleagu'rd Bunker Hill  
Put forth its beacon bright,  
Till in Virginia's vales  
It caught the victor flame,  
And wrote upon the starlit skies  
A nation's glory name.

"But history, since she made  
Her record-league with Time,  
Hath seen no fabric reared like this  
With prayers and deeds sublime:  
Sun to no temple shrine  
So rich a lustre lent,  
Nor chould a wreck so dice  
As its dismemberment.

"My children are ye all,  
God bless the swelling throng,  
And from my ashes wake the love  
That makes your Union strong.  
The morning accents cease,  
No form Mount Vernon saw,  
But felt her master's presence near,  
And held her breath for awe.

Then gathering onward came  
The daughters of the clime,  
Who called that sacred spot their own  
Through works of zeal sublime:  
There was no cold distrust,  
Their efforts to divide—  
Nor North or South within their hearts  
To quell affection's tide.

They clasp'd each other's hands,  
They knelt amid the gloom,  
And wept as mourning sisters weep  
Beside a father's tomb.  
Then as they rose, a warmth  
O'er brow and bosom glow'd,  
Like that with which the angel's song  
O'er watching Bethlehem flow'd.

And with it breath'd a prayer,  
Invoking Him above,  
That on their children might descend  
The gift of patriot love.  
That wisdom from His throne  
Their counsels might embrace,  
And lead forever soul to soul,  
Their own remotest race.

#### Golden Island.

This Island, of which we give an illustration, on this page, is situated in the river Yang-tse-keang, or "child of the ocean." The Yang-tse-keang is the principal river in China, and is the largest river in the world except the Mississippi and the Amazon. The river near Chin-keang-fu, is about a mile and a half broad, and near the shore rises the famous mountain of Kinsan, or Golden Island, the beauties of which are much admired by all foreigners who have had the good fortune to behold them.

#### SOPHIA MOWBRAY; OR Life's Sunshine and Life's Clouds.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

CHAPTER VII.

"Heaven's glories may again be won,  
And, streaming from on high,  
As after noontide comes the sun,  
Outshine the days gone by."

Our present scene opens in a wild picturesque wood. The whole scene is one of romance. 'Tis evening, and the starlight twinkles through the openings of the tall waving trees of the forest. The winds of the balmy South, sigh mournfully through the branches, and undergrowth, as a requiem for the departing spirit. Immediately in the main road lies a human form, from whose side trickles the life blood; over him bends a slight figure dressed in the habiliments of a gipsy woman, or rather girl, for, from the youth and beauty of that fair brow, we should judge that sixteen winters had scarcely left their imprint. There was no appearance of the gipsy about that slight form, or in the cerulean of her eye.

Another person was present in the garb of a priest; the wounded man was fast nearing the shores of time—soon he would have to cross

the dark river, and enter upon the realities of another world.

Tears gather in the eyes of the once hardened, but now relenting, dying criminal, his lips move in speech, and he can scarce to the holy man of God.

"I have been a terror to the world—my hands are imbrued in innocent blood, and I have brought more than one heart to sorrow over its existence. I am a gipsy by birth—a gipsy also by choice—and to-night I have received my death wound from a traitor gipsy, whose envy has prompted him to act the part of a cowardly assassin. Curses upon his head—curses such as only a gipsy can conceive of. But my time is drawing to a close, I feel the chill of death, even now seizing upon my vitals, and soon I must meet an angry God—yes! there is a God! I feel it now, but alas, my belief will avail me nought at this late hour.

"It was the fall of 1833 that I was traveling in the character of a northern merchant, throughout the Southern country; in the village of M—in Georgia, I formed the acquaintance of one of earth's angels. I call her such with all reverence, Holy Father, to cause a fairer I never looked upon. Her simplicity was a part of that beauty which so attracted me. A gipsy can love, oh, how tenderly, a gipsy can hate, oh, how madly!—and a gipsy's love, if once turned to hatred, knows no end.

"I loved, and my love knew no bounds. In words that burn I portrayed to her my passion, but, alas, for my happiness—alas, for the happiness of others. The heart which I sought to win, was pledged to another, and that other had all the affection of that young and trusting woman. How wildly did I curse the day I had ever met with her. What schemes of revenge were pictured in letters of fire upon the panorama that passed wildly before my vision.

"I knew that my rival was far more worthy of the confidence and love of one so fair and trusting, but in my madness I never thought of my real character. I forgot for the moment that I was of that hated race, and that my fair perfection was to me, as the lamb to the wolf—the dove to the vulture.

"I witnessed the nuptials; there was a smile on my lips, but a fire burning, madly burning, on the altar of my heart. 'Twas the fire of revenge!

"I saw them depart for their future home; the daughter left the paternal roof for the first—for the last time. The scene was trying to the feelings of father and child, although in happy ignorance of the dark future.

"That night I bid adieu to the village, where, for the first time, I had learned the meaning of reverse fortune—and by an art known to our race, so changed my appearance, that the closest observer would fail in recognizing me.

"I hovered as an evil spirit around the victim of my wrath—link after link I bound the shackles about him, until his life to him became a misery, and to others a curse.

"By bribery I cut off all communication between parent and child, by bribery I robbed them of the first bud of promise, and planted the pangs of bitter anguish in their souls. By forgery I made the parent to mourn the loss of his darling pride—and by forgery, the daughter was brought to believe the Father as departed to a world of spirits.

"I had my revenge; and I recollect it as a sweet morsel beneath my tongue. The husband became an outcast, wandering throughout the earth—though innocent—with the brand of Cain upon his forehead, deeming himself a murderer. The wife is reduced to a mendicant—though keeping her virtue bright as a priceless jewel. The child is still living, she has proved herself worthy of a mother so pure, and by her kindness has taught me to love her as my own. Blessings rest upon thee, Ida! Dry up the fountain of thy grief, for he, for whom thou mournest, is not worthy of a single tear. I have wronged, shamefully wronged thee, and would gladly restore thee back to thy mother's arms.

"Take this package, thou good Samaritan; it will explain all. It will show up the scheming on that memorable night, and if thou canst find on the sea or on the land, him whom I have so foully treated, restore him to his wife—proclaim in the halls of Justice his innocence, and give back to that mother the darling of her bosom. Smooth the path of that aged pilgrim, who is but a remove from the shores of that eter-



nal river, and let me die with the belief that repentance has not come too late.

"Ida Mowbray, I commit you to the hands of this stranger, and may he have the grace of that God whom I have de-pi-el, to assist him in fulfilling the last request of a wretched man."

During the whole recital, the countenance of the hermit was expressive of the greatest anxiety, and before the close of the last sentence, he was pressing to his bosom—his daughter!

"Thanks to God," exclaimed the Gipsy chief, "one link in the shackle is loosened, and I am ready to die."

Breath low! Tread lightly as you approach the scene. A father has found a long lost, loved child—a child has found a father, and the spirit of a transgressor has taken its eternal flight to a region of woe.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"One moment's dream about thee,  
Were worth a long and endless year  
Of waking bliss without thee,  
My only love, my only dear."

Father and child re-united, there remains but a few links in this life chain, of any moment.

After having paid the tribute due to all earth's creatures, deposited in the narrow grave the author of all their woe, the father and child retired to the sequestered spot which for years was the sheltering place of this hermit. It was a secluded place, the mouth of the cave scarcely discernable for the thick undergrowth which surrounded it.

Here Ida learned her own history in full. Here the resolve was taken to search for those connected to them by the holy ties of wife and mother, father and grand-parent. The heart that has never known a mother's love, how it yearns to be clasped in the warm embrace of some spirit congenial to its own. There was a new life opening up to our heroine, and she pictured visions of future happiness strange and beautiful to contemplate. The new life upon which she was entering, the first sweets of which she had tasted in a father's love could be but wild and visionary to one who was ignorant of filial regard, yet it filled the whole soul with an ecstasy unspeakable.

She slept sweetly in her father's arms, and smiles wreathed her lips. Visions of a romantic spot, where violet odors fill the air, and angel's hands paint in delicate hue the flowers so beautiful, fleet in panoramic succession before her. Far off in dreamland her mind is busy with scenes of home and happiness.

But in the forest wild, we leave this child of nature with her newly found parent, to dream of things intoxicating to the senses, knowing that their plans are all fixed for the future course to be pursued.

We are once again on familiar ground. Before us is the tall ancestral pile, almost hid from view by the luxuriant growth of cedars—the whole air is redolent with perfume from the flowering vines which grow wild and neglected over the leafy portico. The warblers of summer make vocal the grove, and the whole scene is one of nature's own.

We are again in the boudoir, that we described in our first chapter. The same piano is open, and the old familiar song lies as last placed by our heroine. There is an air of neglect about everything. The cage hangs in its accustomed place, but the canaries have ceased their songs—it is but an empty cage.

Seated by the window, gazing out vacantly and listlessly is an aged pation, whose silver locks and subdued manner speak of a grief, which it were impossible to describe. It tells of a father mourning for his child, and refusing to be comforted.

He gazes intensely into the distance as if expecting momentarily an arrival. His lips move in speech.

"What folly is this. 'Tis but an hallucination! But the letter—the letter! I certainly am not mistaken, I received one; and it told me to prepare myself for joy and happiness. It said that—"

The sentence was unfinished; the old man started up wildly with joy, and was young again. A carriage had driven up to the door, and in the next moment of time the aged sire clasped to his bosom his grandchild.

We must pass over the old man's joy in having this link in his chain of happiness to cheer his declining years. The scene is one too sacred for disturbed observers.

Charles Mowbray having sent his daughter in charge of a friend to the village of M—, where she would meet with her aged sire, hastened to the great city of New York in search of her whom he had so fondly treasured. He could not bear to meet that sire, who with one foot in the grave, was mourning his daughter's loss, until he could restore to a parent's arms the child whom he had mourned as dead.

It was toward dusk of the same day which we mention in our first chapter as having seen a wretched mendicant with outstretched hands, leaning against a lamp post in the great thoroughfare of the American metropolis.

Sophia Mowbray had stood there an object of abject poverty the whole day without exciting from the crowd of pedestrians a single act of charity. Despair was indelibly written on every feature of her once fair face, and she presented a sad picture of utter distress. How could she ask for alms? Did not her looks and outstretched hand speak volumes more than could be written? She was not a beggar, because she would not work—oh no; for, although of feeble frame, she would do anything rather than ask charity from a cold unfeeling world. The sun was fast sinking, and evening was ap-

proaching, when with a deep sigh she left her position to return to her wretched garret. Not a morsel had passed her lips for two days. She was starving—literally starving, in the great city of New York! where lofty church spires and palace domes kiss the skies; where long dolorous sermons are preached on charity, and each pulpit is a rostrum from which lengthy tirades on the South and Southern slavery weekly emanate; where thousands are subscribed to rob the master of his slave, under the name of liberty, while at their very doors hundreds of their race are left to starve. "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Almost fainting, Sophia Mowbray dragged her steps down Broadway, up through the cross streets, and long drawn, dark alley ways, with feelings of wretchedness beyond the power of description. As she turned into the narrow lane which led to her abode, she observed for the first time that she was followed by a man, who kept on the opposite side, a few steps in advance of her. Remembering her former escape from the insults of a cowardly villain, no wonder that she was ready to give up all hopes—if such a thing as hope yet slumbered on the altar of her heart.

As she reached the tall smoky tenement, upon the roof of which the moss was thick, and whose decayed door post and rattling windows were only indices to the general decrepitude of the dangerous pile of rotten stiles and rafters, that were tumbling to ruins, she beheld the stranger, with averted face, standing in the immediate entrance, and uttering a piercing shriek she would have fallen to the ground but for the protecting arms of him whom she had so much feared.

A shriek was no unusual noise in this street of misery and crime, and no one rushed to the spot as is usual in other places more devoted to quiet and good morals. Some moments passed, ere Sophia opened her eyes, and doubtless she would have swooned once more, if that gentle word, expressive of so much—*wife*, had not fallen upon her ears like the music of rippling waters.

Could it be a reality—was it her husband's embrace which she felt tightening about her waist? She closed her eyes, that the fond hallucination might not pass from her mind.

She drank in the fond words which were breathed in her ear, and thought it a happy dream. But why should she refuse to look up, when that angelic voice was calling wildly to her to awake, and smile again to cheer the lonely heart of a disconsolate husband?

It was the same familiar voice which charmed her in youth, and she resolved to open her eyes to the reality.

Oh, joy! oh, bliss the ecstatic—in a wild delirium, she leaped upon the breast of the love of her youth, and lived over again, in those few moments of undisturbed pleasure, all the happiness of her early years.

#### WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

##### My Experience in Drowning.

BY GEO. W. COTTELL.

A death by drowning is usually accounted to be the easiest and least painful mode of shutting off this mortal coil. I know not how painful other modes of dissolution are—not having had any personal experience in that way, but, speaking the painful language of practical experience in relation to death by drowning, I can say that I hope I shall never die so agonizing and terrible a death as that caused by drowning.

In addition to the indescribable agony of such a death, there are a few striking peculiarities incident thereto which I deem worthy of mention; and amongst these the most prominent is the remarkable acceleration of memory.

In the afternoon of July 4th, 1849, in company with two youthful companions—one of whom, a noble fellow, now sleeps with the departed—I went to bathe in the Little St. Joseph river, at the little village of Montpelier, Williams county, Ohio. It was a beautiful afternoon, and I never felt in better spirits than when I plunged into the river. My companions started to swim across the river, which was about eight rods wide; and I struck out to follow them. I was but a moderately good swimmer; but was passionately fond of the sport and exercise. When I had swum about half way across the river, I began to sink. I put forth more than usual exertions, to regain the surface, but in vain. I sank still farther. I was not cramped, nor paralyzed in any manner. I felt well and strong. Finding that I could not regain the surface, I endeavored to go to the bottom, so that I could there rest myself to regain the surface. But in this I was equally as unsuccessful. I could neither gain the surface nor the bottom. The water was about twenty feet deep, with a strong current. After putting forth my most strenuous exertions, and failing of success, the awfulness of a death by drowning flashed across my mind. With a superhuman effort I rose to the surface, so that I saw the sweet light of the sun, in the distant west. Never did it seem so beautiful to me as then. I could have worshipped it—but I had not time.

Again I sank; and as I lost sight of those mellow rays, I felt that I should see the sun no more. I had now been under water perhaps a minute or more. I felt a dull, oppressive sensation in the brain; and then, my head, I thought, would burst. This oppressive sensation changed to a sort of wild delirium, and all the infernal noise of pandemonium seemed ringing in my ears. I endeavored to shriek for assistance, but my mouth was closed with water. I gasped for breath, but water filled my mouth and nose. I placed my hand on my forehead, and laughed. A means of escape from the river

and death seemed to suggest itself—to drink up all the water in the river and walk ashore. I began to imbibe large quantities of water; and the violent ringing in my ears partially subsided, while the dull, heavy and oppressive sensations returned. Mental activity began; and commenced at a period and with things which I had previously forgotten, everything—no matter how trivial—that I had ever seen, heard or transacted, from my earliest youth up to that moment, passed through my mind, or rather, my life seemed to pass before my eye like a panorama, and I actually seemed to live my life anew. Although it occupied but a moment's time, as it were, to accomplish all this, yet it seemed to me that I lived my whole life over again. Nor did my thought stop here, but pierced futurity; and as the thought, what will my mother think when I am brought home drowned, passed through my mind, respiration ceased, and I struggled no more. Life was not extinct, for consciousness yet remained. When respiration ceased, sensation ceased also.

To say that the pain which I underwent was intense, and the agony that I endured was excruciating, is but employing moderate adjectives to express a terrible truth.

My companions did not learn that I was missing until they had gained the opposite bank of the river. As they subsequently informed me they waited for me until they saw my head partially rise above the surface of the river. The youngest one was my most intimate friend; and it was with great difficulty that the eldest one could prevent him from coming to my immediate rescue. I remained in the water until they recrossed the river, procured a grape vine and swam out and thrust it down to me. I was conscious of having touched something; and it proved to be the grape vine. As they pulled on it, I rose to the surface. As soon as the air came in contact with me, I was entirely conscious of what was going on around me.

They took me ashore and placed my head down the bank and pressed upon my chest to cause me to disgorge the water which I had imbibed. I heard them talk. The elder one remarked, "Let's run, as the people may think we drowned him." "No," said my young friend, "I will stay by him and endeavor to re-uscitate him if I have to hang for it. I will never desert my friend in such a time as this."

O, how I wished to speak to them; but respiration had not recommenced.

They were perhaps half an hour in pressing my breast before a sufficient quantity of water had flown from my mouth and nostrils to enable me to again breathe. I desired to inform them to let me die rather than to pass through the state of re-animation; but alas! I possessed not the power to do it.

But I will not dwell upon this point, because of all terrible suffering which a human being is capable of enduring I underwent then. I had thought it painful in the extreme to die, but the agonization was an hundred-fold more excruciating. My condition reminded me of a ship in a tempest, when every mast and spar and chord are stretched to their utmost, and rocked and wrenched, as though each turn was the final one. I would not for a kingdom nor a world like this, pass through those terrible agonies again. And O, the many weary, dreary months which succeeded while I lay stricken down with fever, cause a shudder to pass over me as I contemplate that sad event, than which no incident in my life has wrought in me so great a change.

#### HISTORICAL SCRAPS.

##### FRENCH HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL.

Looking over Allison's History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution until the restoration of the Napoleon dynasty in 1815—a work which, despite its Tory bias, is a repository of valuable facts—political and personal—we were impressed with the idea of the mutability of politics in Paris. On a hasty thought, who would believe that all the great events in France, from the revolution of 1789 to the close of the Italian war, in 1859, took place within the limited period of seventy years? This includes the destruction of the French monarchy, the first republic, the rise, progress, and fall of Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, the return from Elba, the imperial rule of the Hundred Days, the second return of the Bourbons, the imprisonment and death of Napoleon, the accession and deposition of Charles the Tenth, the "glorious three days of July," the rise of Louis Philippe to the French throne as Lafayette's "best of republics," the revolution of 1818 and the exile of the Orleans family, the second republic, with Lamartine's brief ascendancy, the election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency, the *comp. d'Etat* of 1851, the restoration of the Empire, the *entente cordiale* with England, the visits of Napoleon to London and of Victoria to Paris, the Crimean war and the recent contest of 1859, which aimed at making Italy free "from the Alps to the Appennines."

We shall gratify historical students, if not general readers, by condensing into a very limited space, the annals of the fourteen different changes of governments which France has experienced in the seventy years between 1789 and 1859—a period which is within the memory of numerous living persons:

1. Louis XVI., and the Assemblies—May 5, 1789, to August 10, 1792.
2. The National Convention—September 21, 1792, to October 5, 1795.
3. The Directory—October 5, 1795, to November 7, 1799.
4. The Consulate; Napoleon, Sieges and Ducos—December 24, 1799, to August 2, 1802.
5. The Consulate for Life; Napoleon—August 2, 1802, to May 18, 1804.

6. The Empire—March 27, 1804, to April 11, 1814.

7. The Restoration of Louis XVIII—April 24, 1814, to March 19, 1815.

8. Imperial Reign of the Hundred Days—March 19, 1815, to June 22, 1815.

9. Second Restoration of the Bourbons—July 8, 1815, to August 1, 1830.

10. Louis Philippe as King—August 7, 1830, to February 21, 1848.

11. Second Republic—February 26, 1848, to December 2, 1851.

12. Presidency for Ten Years—January 15, 1852, to December 2, 1853.

13. The Empire restored—December 9, 1852. Here, then, in a few lines, is the history of the government in France during the last seventy years. What future changes may take place no one can prophesy; but the moral of the past is, that in France nothing is stable except instability.—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### ORIGIN OF SLAVERY.

Mr. Bancroft in the first volume of his history of the United States, gives an account of the early traffic of the Europeans in slaves. In the middle ages the Venetians purchased white men, Christians and others, and sold them to the Saracens in Sicily and Spain. In England the Anglo-Saxon nobility sold their servants as slaves to foreigners. The Portuguese first imported negro slaves from western Africa into Europe in 1482. Spain soon engaged in the traffic, and negro slaves abounded in some places of that kingdom. After America was discovered the Indians of Hispaniola were imported into Spain and made slaves. The Spaniards visited the coast of North America and kidnapped thousands of Indians, whom they transported into slavery in Europe and the West Indies. Columbus himself kidnapped 500 native Americans and sent them into Spain, that they might be publicly sold at Seville. The practice of selling North American Indians into bondage continued two centuries. Negro slavery was first introduced into America by Spanish slaveholders who emigrated with their negroes. A royal edict of Spain authorized negro slavery in America in 1518. King Ferdinand sent from Seville fifty slaves to labor in the mines. In 1531 the direct traffic in slaves between Africa and Hispaniola was enjoyed by royal ordinance. Las Casas, who saw the Indians vanishing away before the cruelty of the Spaniards, suggested that the negroes, who alone could endure severe toils, might be further employed. This was 1618.

Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman that engaged in the slave trade. In 1562 he transported a large cargo of slaves to Hispaniola. In 1567 another expedition was prepared, and Queen Elizabeth protected and shared in the traffic. Hawkins in one of his expeditions, set fire to an African city, and out of three thousand inhabitants succeeded in seizing two hundred and sixty.

James Smith of Boston and Thos. Keyser first brought the colonies to participate in slavery. In 1654 they imported a cargo of negroes. Throughout Massachusetts the cry of justice was raised against them as malefactors and murderers; the guilty men were committed for the offence, and the representatives of the people ordered the negroes to be restored to their native country at the public expense. At a later period there were both Indian and negro slaves in Massachusetts.

In 1628 a Dutch ship entered James river and landed twenty negroes for sale. This was the epoch of the introduction of negro slavery into Virginia. For many years the Dutch were principally concerned in the slave trade in the market of Virginia.

#### ORIGIN OF THE BAYONET.

The Emperor Napoleon III said in his proclamation: "The new rifle arms are only dangerous at a distance, they will not prevent from being, as heretofore, the terrible arm of the French infantry." The bayonet is, in fact, an arm peculiarly French. It was invented, it is said, at Bayonne, in 1611, and employed in 1670 in the regiment of the King's Fusiliers. It is a modification of the system of military art in Europe, as it made cavalry less formidable to infantry, and caused the first lines of battle to cease to be regarded as the principal means of action. The bayonet has, in fact, become the decisive arm of the combat.

According to a local tradition, it was in a small hamlet in the environs of Bayonne that this arm was invented. What led to the invention of it was, that in a fierce combat between some Basque peasants and some Spanish smugglers, the former having exhausted their ammunition, and being thereby at a disadvantage, fastened their long knives to their muskets, and by means of the weapon so formed put their enemies to flight. This arm rapidly came into general use in Europe. After the King's regiments, several others were provided with the bayonet, and the dragoons received it in 1676. In 1678, at the time of the peace of Nimuegen, all the French grenadiers had the bayonet; but the socket which makes the use of it so easy was not invented till a later period. An unsuccessful experiment with the socket was made before Louis XIV, in 1688; but the want of uniformity in the musket was then an obstacle to the adoption of this simple and efficacious piece of mechanism. Bayonets at that time were a sort of dagger, of which the handle was placed in the muzzle of the musket, and, of course, prevented the musket from being fired.

The first battle at which the bayonet was seriously employed was at Turin in 1692; but it was not until the battle of Spries, in 1703, that the first charge of the bayonet was executed. After that epoch, up to 1792, the bayonet was often employed in combat, and the

Prince de Ligne called it "a peculiarly French arm," owing to the manner in which our soldiers used it; but the real value of it was not revealed till the wars of national independence. Then the bayonet really became a French arm. "The bullet is wild," said Suwaroff, "but the bayonet is prudent and sure."—*Moniteur*.

#### THE REMAINS OF JACKSON.

The Governor of Tennessee has communicated to the Legislature of that State a letter from Major Andrew Jackson, in which he remonstrates against the removal of the remains of General Andrew Jackson and his wife from the Hermitage to the Capitol grounds. Major Jackson says that it was Gen. Jackson's dying request that his remains and those of his wife should not be removed. He says:

"He called me and my wife up to his bedside and said: 'My son and daughter, it may become necessary for you to sell or dispose of the Hermitage grounds hereafter; but I beg of you to let my remains and those of my dear wife remain together at the Hermitage—a sacred spot to me—there to rest in peace and quiet until the final day of judgment, when our Lord and Master will call for us.'"

#### WHITEFIELD A SLAVEHOLDER.

The Westminster Review states that Whitefield, the great revivalist preacher, was at one time a slaveholder, being, at his death, the owner of fifty slaves, men, women and children, whom he left, in his will, to the Countess of Huntingdon.

#### INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

Antiquarian discoveries, of the greatest interest, have lately been made in the Great Desert, beyond the River Jordan, by an English gentleman, C. C. GRAHAM, Esq., who read a paper on the subject to the Royal Asiatic Society, on January 7th. Part of the east of the district of the Hauran, and in a region unvisited by any European traveler, he found five ancient towns, all as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them—the houses retaining the massive stone doors which are characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building, like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Further eastward, other places were found where "every stone was covered with inscriptions" in an unknown character, bearing some apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet, but probably referable (in the opinion of Mr. GRAHAM) to the ancient Hamyaritic alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia. Copies and impressions of several inscriptions are presented, and will, no doubt, engage the attention of Orientalists.

#### THE LOCUSTS THIS YEAR.

A writer in the National Intelligencer, speaking of the locusts this year, says that they will commence emerging in North Carolina about the 10th of May, and a few days later for every hundred miles as we progress north, until the 1st of June, in Washington county, N. Y. This will afford a fine opportunity to test the correctness of the assertion that they do not appear regularly every seventeen years. None of the Southern tribe (thirteen-year locusts) appear this year. He gives the following, among other States, to be occupied by them:

Maryland—from Anne Arundel county to the middle of St. Mary's county; from the Chesapeake to the Potomac river. Virginia—from the south part of Loudoun county to the Roanoke river; from the Blue Ridge to the Potomac river. North Carolina—Cassell, Rockingham, Stokes, Guilford, Rowan, Surry and adjacent counties.

#### The Traitorous States.

The Committee of the Virginia Legislature on the Harper's Ferry Raid, in the close of their report, review the action of the several non-slaveholding States which have nullified the Fugitive Slave Law and the Constitutional compact on which it is founded. We may collect and condense (says the *Mac-n Telegraph*) some of the results of their investigations, which would otherwise fill two columns of our journal, as follows:

States which prohibited the officers and citizens from aiding in the execution of the law: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, New York, New Jersey.

States which deny the use of all public edifices in aid of the master: Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Michigan.

States which provide defence for the fugitive: Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin.

States which declare the fugitive free, if brought by their masters into the State: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont.

States which declare him free absolutely: New Hampshire.

Comforts provided for the master who pursues his rights under the law and Constitution, but in contravention of treasonable State statutes, framed for the purpose of embarrassing his action, defeating his claim, and in every possible way ingenuity can suggest, rendering the law entirely ineffectual:

States.	Fine.	Imprisonment.
In Maine.....	\$5000	Five years.
Vermont.....	2000	Fifteen years.
Massachusetts.....	5000	Five years.
Connecticut.....	5000	Five years.
Pennsylvania.....	1000	Three months.
Indiana.....	5000	Fourteen y's.
Michigan.....	1000	Ten years.
Wisconsin.....	1000	Two years.
Iowa.....	1000	Five years.



## Miscellaneous News Items.

## NEGROES INCITED TO KILL THEIR OVERSEER BY AN ABOLITIONIST.

We yesterday, from a reliable source, says the Memphis Avalanche of the 23d ult., learned the particulars of the tragedy enacted in Ashley county, Arkansas, which has created a great excitement in that locality. Jasper Murray, overseer of Samuel M. Carter, of Georgia, who has recently settled a plantation in Arkansas, was killed by the negroes on the place a few days since. Inquiries instituted developed the fact that the crime was committed at the instigation of an abolitionist named Sneed, who promised the negroes that if they would kill the overseer and get his money, he would carry them to a free State. Five of the negroes and the white man were arrested, and are in jail at Hamburg, Ashley county. As before stated the most intense excitement prevails in the neighborhood, and it would not be surprising if Sneed met his deserts in a most summary manner.

## POETRY A CAPITAL OFFENCE!

It is thus related in Scottish annals:—In 1579, an act was passed against idle beggars and sic as make themselves fools and bards. And the annals go on to register:—Two poets hanged in August, under act of Parliament against bards and minstrels.

## FAREWELL SPEECH OF FANNY KEMBLE.

A few evenings since, Mrs. Fanny Kemble read "Hamlet" in Boston to an immense audience, it being her last appearance before the public. At the close of the reading she made the following parting remarks, in a style, it is stated, which suffused with tears many an eye fixed upon the speaker, those "gracious drops" at times nearly choking her own utterance:—"Friends, my work is done, but I could not bid you adieu without saying a few words, especially as I have been obliged to decline a honor conferred upon me by a request not to take a final leave of you this evening. It is time that the book should be closed. I have now been before the public five and twenty years. Few women would care to be remembered in public for a longer period. Shakespeare may find better and abler interpreters, but I believe none more willing. I esteem it my good fortune that I am permitted to close my labors in Boston, where so long ago I appeared. Possibly some of my audience now present may remember me at that time. I cannot but be grateful for the city. Long live this noble land, this glorious New England. May Heaven's richest blessings descend upon you. May peace, prosperity and plenty attend you and your homes. I respectfully, gratefully and regretfully take my leave of you. Farewell, farewell!"

We think Mrs. Butler will leave no one worthy to wear her mantle in the peculiar line of characters she has assumed during the past 25 years. As a dramatic reader, she is without a rival. Reading before audiences the most select and learned in all the principal cities throughout the Union.

## DEATH OF GEN. MARSTELLER.

Died in this town, on Saturday, the 3rd inst. General L. H. Marsteller, aged about 65 years.

General Marsteller was a native of Virginia, but removed to Wilmington early in life, where he occupied a prominent and influential position until failing health compelled his retirement from active pursuits. At different times he filled various public positions of honor and responsibility, having represented this County in both branches of the State Legislature—been a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1835, been Collector of this Port and County Court Clerk for many years—been successively Colonel of the County, Brigadier-General and Major-General.

General Marsteller possessed a clear mind and sound judgment combined with popular manners, and those other sterling qualities of head and heart which gave to him the great popularity which he enjoyed.—*W. Herald.*

## FALL OF A METEOR.

A large and brilliant meteor fell about three miles from Hummelstown, Pa., on Tuesday night last, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock. It left an extensive trail of fire behind it as it descended to the earth, and some of the "natives" who witnessed it were terribly alarmed.

From statistics lately prepared, relating to the extent of lunacy among the negroes of the various States of the Union, we find that in Louisiana, there is one lunatic out of 2477 negroes; in S. Carolina, one in 1909; in Massachusetts, one in 43; in Maine, one in 11.—Positive evidence, we imagine, that freedom is not the normal condition of the negro race.

## NEW BONNETS.

The oracle of fashion writes from New York that the little bonnets are in the last stage of tottering decline, therefore it is useless to comment upon the pokes, the bristling front and coal-scuttles of the present style. Women have only to make themselves as charming and fascinating as possible. The fashionable mode of trimming or mixing black lace in everything is decidedly becoming to every complexion, and while blonde certainly tones down and softens indescribably every style of face, lending newer charms and brilliancy to dark eyes, and lighting up the countenance. The Zouave hat for girls is described as very pretty and saucy made of pedal braid the edges laid over in place of being rolled up. The Adelaide hats are equally pretty for little demoiselles, of the hump and half hair braid, with a full of white blonde interwoven with white satin bangles—the most coquetish little affairs yet seen.

## COLT'S ARMY.

We regret to learn that one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the State, located in this city, owing to the falling off in Southern trade, and the scarcity of Government orders, is about to suspend a large amount of work in progress, and discharge some hundreds of hands, who have been kept employed during the winter months through the liberality of its proprietor. We hope they will find employment readily, and whether they remain in our goodly city, or seek their fortune elsewhere, they will carry with them the warm friendship of their fellow workmen, and the kindest wishes of their employer, Colonel Colt.—*Hartford Times.*

## STATE OF AFFAIRS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—The President today replied to the Senate's resolution calling for information in reference to the present condition of affairs on the Rio Grande.

Among the documents is a letter from Governor Houston, dated Austin, February 15th, addressed to the Secretary of War, in which he says he deplors the situation of Texas, with an empty treasury, and Indian troubles unexampled for the last ten years; and fears from Mexico on the Southern border. And he asks, in the name of humanity, shall not the Federal arm be speedily raised and extended in behalf of our suffering frontier? Should this not be done, the Governor says he will in a short time be compelled to resort to the indefensible right of self-defence, to protect the border, and not only to defeat the enemy, but to prevent the recurrence of similar disorders on the frontiers. Texas can and will, if applied to in thirty days, be able to muster in the field ten thousand men, who are anxious, embarrassed as her finances are, to make reclamation upon Mexico for all her wrongs. Can she hope for aid from the Federal Government? She will, in addition to her manifest forbearance, venture yet to defer to the action of the Federal Government.

The Secretary of War in his letter to the President, March 5th, gives a synopsis of all the recent transactions on the Rio Grande. Nothing, he says, can exceed the contrariety of opinion in relation to them among those having the best opportunity to inform themselves. The call of Governor Houston is the first which has yet been made by the authorities of Texas for any assistance in these disturbances from this Government. No doubt because it was considered by them up to this time as a matter involving local laws and interests rather than such as pertained to the honor and interests of the Confederacy. But on the call of the Governor of Texas and upon the undeniable proofs of the gross outrages committed on our soil, the Secretary of War says he has not hesitated to order a concentration of all the force upon that frontier which the exigencies of the service elsewhere would allow.

Among the documents is a letter to Governor Houston from one of the Texas Commissioners sent to Brownsville, dated February 24, in which he says, although many turbulent leaders exist among the Mexicans, the Mexican people as a man are hoping for deliverance from anarchy, and would rejoice at the establishment of a stable form of government which would protect their lives and property and give them peace.

Many of the intelligent people of the State of Tamaulipas regard a Protectorate as the only means by which Mexico can be redeemed from the reign of anarchy and petty tyrants. That there is a deep-seated hostility on the part of many to everything American there can be no doubt, but with the great mass of Mexicans, they would yield before the same course of justice and humanity which has characterized the United States in its annexation and acquisition policy.

Gen. Scott has issued the following order from headquarters, New York, for the movement of troops to operate in Texas:

Eighty-six recruits from the cavalry depot at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., fifty-nine to be assigned to French's and Hunt's batteries, on the Rio Grande, and twenty-seven to the second regiment of cavalry, on the Indian frontier. Four hundred and nine recruits are also ordered from the general service depot at Fort Columbus, New York harbor, for the first artillery and first and eighth regiments of infantry, now stationed on the frontier of Texas. These recruits will leave New York about the 15th inst., proceed in vessels direct to the mouth of the Mississippi, and the recruits sent by steamer to Indianola and Brazos St. Jago, those for the second cavalry, first and eighth infantry, going to Indianola, the remainder to the Brazos.

There is now exhibiting at Boston a hog which weighs 1197 pounds, or, as estimated when brought over the Lowell Railroad, recently, 1218 pounds. The animal, which is of pure Mackay breed, is about 7 feet long, and over 3 feet high. Its legs and head are not larger than those of ordinary 300 pounds hogs, and the root of its tail is concealed by the overhanging mass of fat. It is a few days over two years old, and has been fed on mixed corn and oat meal.

## A TEMPTING OFFER DECLINED.

Miss Martha Haines Butt, says the Tappanhook Southerner, the beautiful and talented young authoress, of Norfolk, has recently received a matrimonial offer from Frederick, the young Prince of Denmark, who fell in love with her at the President's levee last week. Miss B. refused him, preferring the position of a free American lady to that of a Danish Queen. The Prince has returned to Europe disconsolate.

## ALLEGED DEFEALCATION.

The De Sota Eagle of the 18th has the following:

It is currently reported that Mr. Hunt, receiver of the Land Office at Natchitoches, is defaulter to the General Government in the amount of between sixty and one hundred thousand dollars. The office therefore will be closed until a settlement of the matter, or until other arrangements can be made. It is generally believed by those with whom we have conversed relative to the affair that Mr. Hunt will be fully able in time, or as soon as he can gather his means, to liquidate the sum of which he is supposed to be in default for.

## MUTINY ON A BRITISH SHIP.

Charleston, March 5.—The black crew of the British ship *Acraming* mutinied on Sunday. One negro was ironed and another shot, though not mortally.

## THE ARAB'S WONDER.

An English traveler describes the speechless amazement with which a wild Arab chief of the desert watched, in a tent near Cairo, the development of a photograph of the Great Sphinx. When the features of the mysterious sculpture were revealed on the glass, the Arab turned to his companion, and, pointing to the photographer, exclaimed, "He is the eldest son of Satan!"

## TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

The ship *Luna*, Havre for New Orleans, was wrecked near Cherbourg, and one hundred and five lives lost—only two men saved.

## EXPECTED REAPPEARANCE OF THE COMET OF 1556.

Prof. Levering, in one of his late Astronomical lectures before the Lowell Institute, said that the great comet of 1556, which caused the abdication of Charles V. of Spain, is confidently expected to reappear during the present year, and French Astronomers are even now on the look-out for it. If no error has been made in the revised calculations, it will probably be seen from this planet during the fall of 1860.—*Boston Trav.*

## IS THIS SO?

The Providence correspondent of the Boston Journal says:—"The Sons of Malta have at last exploded. Both lodges in this city have 'gone under,' and the institution is breaking up all over the country."

## MORMON ORTHOGES.

The editor of the Salt Lake City *Valley Ten* having stated that life was insecure in Utah, to such as were put under the ban of the church, was denounced by an elder of the church, W. C. Staines. Two civil officials afterward called upon him and informed him that they would not be responsible for his safety. The mayor of the city also stated that threats had been made and his life was not safe. The editor, Mr. S. DeWolf, says in his paper:

I deemed those several warnings and intimations of danger, of sufficient importance to address a note to Gov. Cumming, informing him of them, and inquiring of him whether I was to expect the protection of the law while concluding myself as a law-abiding man. To this inquiry the Governor returned me the assurance of his protection as far as it could be extended, or in case of violence done or attempted, of his endeavor to hold the parties to proper accountability, whether the city authorities would do so or not.

I have related these particulars, and been precise in doing so, not for any purpose of drawing the attention of the public towards me as an individual, but to illustrate the condition of things here and the despotism which the Mormons still try to exercise over any who oppose the infamous system which they profess and maintain religion.

The threats made against me for asking a statement which I, in common with almost every man in this valley not connected with the Mormon Church, believe is true, affords proof, if no other was found, of the correctness of all that I said about the insecurity of life here to such as fell under the ban of the church authorities, and I have not a word of retraction to make of any line or paragraph that I have written on this subject; on the contrary, I reiterate again my firm belief of the truth of all that I have said, and take the risk of whatever consequences may result from a repetition of my former statement. In addition to that statement I will add that murder has been sanctioned from the pulpit of the Mormon tabernacle in this city, and there is incontestable proof on record that men have been murdered in this Territory whose death was deliberated about and decided on the meeting or meetings over which a person holding a position in the Mormon church presided; and if any one sees proper to deny this statement, the records shall be forthcoming. It is on record, further, that atrocities have been committed against the person of a man in this Territory, compared with which murder would be tender kindness, and that ecclesiastical authorities were also concerned in this transaction. If this is denied, the proof shall also be produced. We might go on and relate other instances, but these shall suffice at present.

## THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

The Parliament of Canada opened at Quebec on Tuesday last. The Governor's speech announces that a reply has been received from the Queen of England to the invitation of the last session of Parliament, and that the Prince of Wales may be expected to visit Canada during the coming summer. He refers to the satisfactory arrangements for the transmission of the European and American mails by the Canadian steamers; speaks of the settlements

of the boundary line between Upper and Lower Canada, and of the consolidation of the municipal law of Lower Canada; congratulates Parliament on the issue of the consolidated Statutes of Canada; calls attention to the law of debtor and creditor; to the present system of currency and banking rates with a view to further legislation; administration of the Crown lands; congratulates the House on having surmounted the financial difficulties; says that papers will be laid before the House with reference to the consolidation of the public debt and the recent success of the Minister of Finance in attaining the object; says that the commercial depression has diminished credit, but impresses on the Government necessity of strict economy; asks the requisite provisions for the public service; finds a subject of congratulation in the bountiful harvest of last season and the present signs of revival of commerce; trusts that the marks of prosperity may continue to increase, and that law and order may be maintained; and rejoices that but few subjects of a broad and important character remain requiring immediate legislation.

## TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.

The Senate committee having the subject in charge have, we understand, reported unanimously, in favor of the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph bill as amended by Mr. Gwin. This bill authorizes the Postmaster General to contract with certain parties for the building for the use of the government, of a line of telegraph from the point on the Mississippi river to San Francisco, with connecting branches to various prominent points. The contract is limited to ten years and the loans offered by the government, fifty thousand dollars per annum during that period, together with the free use of any unappropriated public land that may be required, and the privilege of buying at \$1.25 per acre such portion of said land as may be necessary for the purposes of the company. In return for these very liberal grants, the company will be expected to accord to the United States, at all times a priority in the use of their line. It is stipulated that the work shall be completed within the compass of two years from the 31st of next July.

## RODMAN'S MONSTER CANNON.

The monster cannon designed by Maj. Rodman, U. S. Army, and recently cast at the Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburgh, is now being bored. The gun weighs some forty-eight thousand pounds. It has a bore of fifteen inches diameter, and thirteen feet nine inches in length. It has twenty-five inches of solid metal at the breech, making its extreme length fourteen and a half feet. At the breech the outside diameter is four feet; at the muzzle, twenty-eight and nine-tenths inches. It will project a ball of four hundred and twenty pounds a distance of five or six miles, with a tolerably accurate range of four miles. No gun approaching it in size or weight has ever been cast. The largest English guns are made of iron staves, banded together. Some brass pieces of greater length have been cast, but no gun of more than twelve inch bore.

## FORTY-NINE CHILDREN DROWNED.

From the Quincy (Illinois) Herald, we learn that a most terrible calamity, rivaling that of the Pemberton Mill, occurred on Thursday last near the town of Hardin, Ill., on the Illinois river about 25 miles above Alton. Fifty school children in attendance at a university at that place, went out to play on the ice. The ice gave way and with one exception all were lost. Our informant was unable to give further particulars but he represents that the village was a scene of universal mourning, almost every family in it having lost one or more of its members.

## PENNINGTON'S PAGE.

At present the main stay of Pennington is the page who stands upon the right, a youth of fine appearance and something near nineteen years of age. This page was appointed to office by Speaker Boyd, and has ever since continued to discharge the duties of "Page to the Speaker," among which is now reckoned the duty of prompting the Speaker in discharging his business. He stands near the Speaker and directs him in an under-tone how to put every motion, and how to decide points of order as they arise. "Thaloudes" is known to all the politicians of the country as the most remarkable parliamentarian of his age living. With the construction of the rules of order he is perfectly familiar, and every precedent he has at his fingers' ends.

## REMARKABLE SHOOTING—WM. TELL ECLIPSED.

Mr. Frederick Whitehead, of this city, who is engaged in Storm's shooting gallery, on Fourth street, bids fair to eclipse the world-renowned hero and patriot, Wm. Tell. The other evening, while in the gallery, we saw him shoot an apple from the head of another gentleman who stood at the distance of ten paces. What makes this feat a remarkable one is the fact that it was performed with a pistol and ball, and not with an air-gun, which is usually employed in shooting galleries. The same gentleman stood off ten paces and held a seven-spot diamond card in his hand. Mr. Whitehead, with a pistol and ball, shot five spots out of the card.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

## SUCCESSOR TO JUDGE INGERSOLL.

The president has appointed Wm. D. Chapman United States district judge for Connecticut, in place of Judge Ingersoll, deceased.

## LIBERAL.

The city of Portland, Me., has contributed seven cents to the Washington Monument since the collection boxes have been placed in the post-office of that city.

## School Statistics of Georgia.

One of the most interesting portions of the recent message of the Governor of Georgia, is that relating to the progress of education, and particularly in regard to the operation of the school law adopted by the preceding legislature. The body, says the Governor, took an important step in the right direction in appropriating \$100,000 of the income of the State Road to Common School Education. He recommends that the appropriation be increased to \$150,000 which, with other means, will make the common school fund about \$200,000 per annum. He also recommends the appointment of a State Superintendent of Education, to whom the county ordinaries shall report. He makes some other minor suggestions in regard to the school law but in general appears satisfied with the law as it now is.

Returns have only been received from 102 counties in the State, and these report the following statistics:—Whole number of children between the ages of 8 and 18, 107,825; number between 8 and 18 taught in 1859, 67,155; total of all persons taught, 79,922; of these 41,000 are males, and 38,922 are females. Whole number of males taught in the higher branches 22,681. Whole number of females taught in the higher branches, 8,022. Average tuition, per annum, in the elementary branches \$26.00. Whole number of school houses, 1,775; number of schools, 1,775. Number of Methodist male colleges, 4, pupils, 358; Methodist female colleges, 4, pupils, 524; Baptist male colleges, 3, pupils, 307; Baptist female colleges 1, pupils, 322; Presbyterian male colleges, 1, pupils, 97; Presbyterian female colleges, 2, 326; Colleges and high schools not sectarian, male 16, pupils 774; female 16, pupils 1,222; number of academies 57. Out of the 102 counties 39 have appointed boards to examine teachers, and 129 teachers have passed an examination.

Only eighty-four counties have levied and collected a county tax to be added to their school fund. The aggregate amount raised thus by the eighty-four counties is \$63,997. The Governor recommends the withholding of its proportion of the State fund from each county which fails to levy a tax of at least 45 per cent. upon the State tax for educational purposes. This uniform rate, he says, would increase the entire educational disbursements of the State to \$300,000 per annum.

From the Wilmington Journal.  
Who Made Your Shoes?

Wilmington, N. C. Feb. 12, 1860.

## Editors of the Journal:

Dear Sirs—I saw in a recent no. of the Journal, amidst your selected matter, an article in regard to the shoe manufacturers of Lynn, Mass., showing them to be a set of vile abolitionists. I do not doubt the truth of the statement.—Such information should tend to some practical result. Shall Southern men continue to purchase shoes of these manufacturers who countenance the murder and assassination of Southern people? Who toll bells to manifest their sympathy with such cut throats as John Brown? Let every buyer of shoes among us ascertain, before purchasing, whether they were made in Lynn, and if so, let him refuse them? This branch of industry, with a little fostering care, would soon be established in the South on a firm basis.

In this connection I would mention the Messrs. Lines, of Thomasville, Davidson Co., N. C., make excellent brogans, and sell them low, quite as low as any similar shoe of Northern manufacture is sold in Wilmington. I procured some weeks ago some of these brogans, through their agent here, Mr. Cummings, (with Wm. H. McKary & Co.) and have been using them since. I believe them to be superior to any Northern shoe I ever bought at the same price.

## PLANTER.

## Too true for Poetry.

A Washington correspondent of the Raleigh Standard closes a long communication with the following paragraph:

"I must bring to your notice what has been so often the subject of remark, the indifference that North-Carolina herself shows towards the fame and name of her distinguished men. A spirit of rivalry, if not to say detraction, destructive of every good principle and fatal to success, seems to pervade the course of many towards her distinguished men. If one of her leading men makes a successful start in the career of usefulness, and which if properly sustained, would lead to renown; he is carped at and derided; his efforts derided, and his course if not opposed has no supporters from his own people. How different is the course of our sister States on either side. Let a young man spring up in either Virginia or South-Carolina, the people, the press and admiring friends cheer his career, laud his efforts, and vie with each other in sustaining and cherishing him. You have men as able, clear headed, patriotic and pure in your State as any other State—then cheer them, cherish them, promote them, and they will promote you."

We hope every North-Carolinian who may chance to see the above will consider it personal. Look into your own heart and see if you have not directly or indirectly done much to keep back some one that might have been a credit to your village, town, or State.

A bill has passed the Kentucky House of Representatives, providing that no slave shall be deemed emancipated until his previous owner shall give a bond for his removal from the State within ninety days. It is made felony for a free negro to enter the State in future. Marriages between persons of this class and slaves are also prohibited.







## My Father Guides the Helm.

Translated from the German of Fel. J. G.—  
BY ELISE VON LINDEN.

Wild roars the storm, and mountain high  
The billows rise and fall,  
And crew and all in that proud ship  
For aid to Heaven call.  
The captain's son is seen on deck,  
A young and lovely child;  
But he can smile and look so calm  
On storm and waves so wild:  
Where dread and fright and terror reign,  
And many hearts despair,  
This little one stands quietly  
Without a shade of fear.

A sailor strove hard to retain  
The courage often tried—  
He thought of wife and child at home,  
And strive in vain his night;  
He saw the calm face of the child—  
With inward rage he asks:  
"Art thou alone, thou baby boy,  
Well fitted for these tasks,  
And fearest not the sea-god's power,  
His roaring, foaming realm?"  
The child looks smiling up to him—  
"My father guides the helm."

O could we as this little child  
Stand trusting and brave,  
And fear no dark and stormy night  
Nor agitated wave,  
Nor even sorrow's sharpest pang,  
Nor pain from human hand,  
But walk with faith the roughest path,  
To reach you blessed land;  
And look in deepest, darkest night  
To that great glorious realm  
And still believe in humbleness,  
"Our Father guides the helm."

Then give us, Father, faithful hearts,  
And trust in thee, and love,  
Let us not cling to earth below,  
But cling to Thee above;  
And if amid our deepest woes  
We have of hope no ray,  
Then show us through these prison walls  
A brighter light of day.  
When we bereft of all we love  
In this drear, lonely realm,  
Then may we think still trusting  
"Our Father guides the helm."

## Puzzle Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE LADY  
OF  
ATHERTON HALL!

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## CHAPTER I.

The Suspected Clerk.

"The dignity of truth is lost  
With much protesting."

BEN JOHNSON.

ATHERTON HALL was the handsomest building  
in aristocratic Belleville; and it is well known  
that every Massachusetts village boasts many  
a splendid piece of architecture.

The site could not well have been finer, or  
the view more beautifully extensive. The house  
crowned a green eminence, a score of rods from  
the broad sweep of the Charles river; and from  
its windows the eye ranged over a delightful  
variety of scenery, hill and valley, forest and  
meadow land; while a couple of miles to the  
east, the Charlestown monument lifted up its  
granite finger against the sky; and a long,  
continuous line the spires of Boston glittered  
in the sunlight. The distant horizon met the  
sea; the sea so darkly blue, that but for the  
sails which dotted, here and there, its calm bosom,  
you would have thought an azure cloud  
had descended, to rest for a season, upon the  
earth.

Atherton Hall was built of white freestone—  
its Gothic doors and windows contrasting well  
with the massive Elizabethan pillars which  
upheld the carved stone portico. A mantle of  
verdant woodbine hung over the entire front of  
the hall; and when the hoarse winds of autumn  
blew, they dashed the bright leaves in at the  
windows in a shower of verdigris.

To the south stretched a lawn, with a gravel  
carriage way, winding up from the public  
road, bordered by bright-eyed pansies, and  
shaded by rows of stately elm trees.

At the hall door, a carriage was waiting on  
this fair June of which we write—a sumptuous  
carriage, with two gray horses, and a liveried  
driver. Miss Winifred Atherton, the Lady of  
Atherton Hall, pleased to take an airing.

The horses pawed impatiently; the coachman  
whistled, as coachmen are prone to do; and  
the restless winch stirred in the leaves of the  
musical elms.

She came down the broad steps at last; this  
lagging Winifred, leaning on the arm of her  
father, and toying with a white kitten which  
clung playfully to the fringe of her silken scarf.

The young lady—she had not seen more than  
fifteen summers—was a very beautiful picture  
to look upon, as she stood there in the calm of  
that soft, bright sunshine, and permitted the  
bold breeze to lift the dark hair from her forehead.

Winifred had her father's brow, thoughtful  
brow; his deep, earnest eyes, and well-formed  
nose, but there the resemblance ceased. Mr.  
Atherton's hair had been chestnut; hers was  
nearly black; his mouth was full, it might be,  
yielding; hers was proud, passionate—perhaps  
scornful. That little line of tempting crimson  
revealed more of her character than any other  
feature; but when she smiled and the pearl-  
white teeth burst forth, it seemed as if a wave  
of golden sunlight warm from summer skies  
had fallen upon you.

These two, this father and daughter, were  
all in all to each other—the last of a noble  
family which death had consigned, one by one,  
to the tomb. The wife and mother had slept for  
years in the bosom of a green grave at Auburn;  
the blue-eyed babe of six years was nestled to  
her side—the only son and brother had died at  
sea, and been laid to rest by rough, but kindly  
hands in the great deep.

Robert Atherton's vast wealth—all his property  
in banks, railway shares, mining companies,  
and mail steamers—to the amount of a  
full million of dollars, would go to this daughter  
of his; this dark-eyed, crimson-lipped Winifred.  
No wonder the little lady could afford to be  
scornful; no wonder she walked the ground  
like a very queen; she had been ruler at Atherton  
Hall, so long that a spirit of command  
had become with her second nature.

Assisted to the carriage by her father, Winifred  
sank back on the cushions, while he took  
the seat opposite her; and the pair were whirled  
rapidly out towards Boston. Mr. Atherton's  
place of business was on Broad street; Miss  
Winifred was to spend the day with Mrs.  
Marchmont on Beacon street.

The carriage was nearly opposite the Police  
office, when it suddenly came to a halt, its further  
progress impeded by a crowd about the  
door of the tribunal. Mr. Atherton urged the  
coachman to go on, but the man pronounced it  
impossible, and the gentleman drew out his  
watch and assured himself that he was already  
an hour late.

Winifred contented herself with tapping the  
velvet carpet for awhile with her dainty foot,  
then she grew impatient, and spoke.

"What is the cause of this delay?"

"Some trial of interest, going on here, I  
should conclude, from the number of curious  
ones assembled," returned Mr. Atherton.

"Well, then, if we are to remain here, I see  
not why we should miss of gratifying our curiosity  
by witnessing the remarkable performance.

"Larning going in to see for myself. It will  
be something entirely novel for me."

"My daughter! Winifred Atherton! you go  
into a police court! What can you be thinking  
of?"

"You are brow-stricken, papa, but I am  
used to being misinterpreted in that manner,  
so I do not much care for it. You will go in  
with me, I know."

Her white hand pressed his arm; those eyes  
so like her dead mother's looked into his. Somehow,  
he never could resist Winifred when in that mood.

"It is very foolish in you, my dear, to wish  
to mix with yonder vulgar crowd, but you are  
a spoiled child, and must be indulged, I suppose."

He alighted from the carriage, handed Winifred  
out; and a moment later, the interest of  
the court room was turned from the prisoner  
to center around the millionaire and his daughter.

The scene within the office, was by no means  
an uncommon one in a large city. A young  
man of about sixteen, was arraigned to be tried  
for forgery.

The circumstances, as evolved by the evidence,  
were very brief these—

Gerard Middleton had been under clerk in  
the wholesale dry goods establishment of Chambers  
& Marshall. He had enjoyed the confidence of  
his employers for two years; and his active, prompt  
attention to his business had won the esteem of  
all connected with the store, except, perhaps, that  
of Charles Cooper the accountant; between whom  
and young Middleton there had ever existed one of  
those mutual antipathies for which we often find it  
so difficult to assign a reason.

A fortnight previously, the name of the firm  
had been forged to a paper of importance—a  
draft upon the Blackstone Bank for nine hundred  
dollars. The check was presented by Gerard;  
thrown out as unguine by the paying teller; and  
the clerk was detained on a charge of forgery.

The culprit stood before his judges, pale but  
composed; handsome he certainly was; and his  
bearing was quite as haughty as though he  
counted his money by the thousand dollars, instead  
of lacking a solitary copper.

His defence was, simply, *innocence*. He had  
no knowledge of the check until it came, duly  
signed, into his hands; he was perfectly and  
entirely innocent.

When did ever a statement of this kind, coming  
from one accused, have any weight? His  
employers looked upon it as a haughty evasion  
of the truth, and Middleton was about to be  
carried to prison in default of bail for fifteen  
hundred dollars.

Winifred's quick apprehension caught the  
facts of the case instantly; her heart responded  
sympathizingly to the look of desperate despair  
on the youth's face. She pressed her father's  
arm to secure his attention.

"Will you bail this Gerard Middleton, papa?"

"No, indeed! The saints forbid!" cried

Mr. Atherton, in righteous indignation.

"Then, I must do it, instead!" said Winifred  
with determination, and moving to the side  
of the magistrate, she spoke a few words in his  
ear. The good man started, frowned, and then  
smiled.

"My dear young lady, it is without precedent—  
this proposal of yours. It is not common for  
young girls to offer bail for reckless characters  
like this Middleton."

"Granted. Nor yet were deluges common,  
but one occurred, nevertheless, in the time of  
Noah. If you doubt my ability to pay the money,  
in case this young man fails to appear at the  
proper time—take this as your security."

She unclasped a necklace from her throat,  
the diamonds of which were worth a queen's  
ransom, and laid it across the hand of the Justice.

He put it back.

"Enough. If Miss Atherton is serious, and  
her father consents, no more can be said. Mr.  
Atherton, sir, we await your decision."

"Winifred may have her way. She is all I  
have to indulge, and she has taken a fancy to  
see the lad released. I will give bonds for him  
myself," returned Mr. Atherton, with much  
good humor; and directly the necessary papers

being drawn up and signed, Gerard Middleton  
was pronounced at liberty.

He advanced to the side of Miss Atherton,  
and held out his hand. She put her jeweled  
fingers into his clasp. No word was uttered,  
but the dark brilliant eyes of the youth spoke  
most eloquently his gratitude. For a moment  
he looked into her face—then with a slight bend  
of his fine figure to the people in the court room,  
he passed out.

"Well, daughter," said Mr. Atherton, when  
they were once more seated in the carriage—  
"you have liberated the young scamp; what  
do you propose to do with him?"

"Do with him? Why you will take him into  
the store, of course."

"There is not a single vacant place in the  
whole concern, and if there were a hundred, I  
would not admit one like him!"

"If there is no vacancy, you must create a  
new place to be filled. A place for this Gerard  
Middleton's special benefit."

"Not to save his head!"

"Very well. Then I will find a situation  
for him."

"Eh! what?"

"Fall in love with his handsome face, and  
invite him to elope with me, if nothing more  
favorable offers. Our names would sound finely  
together, in the Morning Herald."

"Winifred Atherton, you will be in a lunatic  
asylum yet! Elope with him indeed! Elope  
with a pauper clerk!"

"I shall be obliged to do so, father, unless  
you can put him in some place where he can  
earn his living, for, you see, a clerk has to eat,  
and drink, and wear coats like other men."

Mr. Atherton winced; he was used to this  
matter-of-fact dealing from his girl, and yet he  
did not like it.

"Perhaps I can get him into Porter's grocery  
as errand boy. Too good for him, I dare  
say!"

"And I will not permit him to go there to be  
ordered about by cross husbands; and sour old  
maids, buying half a pound of sugar, and two  
ounces of tea. Recollect, Mr. Gerard is my  
property now."

"Well, well, I will see about it. Perhaps  
Dalton can let him into his department to assist  
in the job work."

"Nothing of the kind, dear papa. I veto that  
plan entirely. This boy has a proud spirit, or  
I have failed to read his face aright. He shall  
not be humbled in that way. It would make  
him reckless; perhaps, lead him to crime.

Show him that you have confidence in his integrity,  
and he will die rather than forfeit your good  
opinion. He must be nothing less than a clerk!"

"Winifred, what a famous little autocrat of  
a czar you would make for the Russians. Every  
man's head in the empire would be struck off  
in a week, who refused to swear fullest allegiance  
to your madcap plots!"

"Dear sir, you flatter me. Shall my despotic  
ladship be indulged, and thus Gerard become  
the respected incumbent of a respectable and  
lucrative situation in the hardware establishment  
of Robert Atherton & Co.?"

"Yes, yes; I will hunt him up if only  
to rid myself of your teasing. He will be a  
drawback upon me, no doubt; forge my name,  
or steal my bank notes, but he shall have some  
situation with me, if it be only to stand by my  
elbow and wipe my pens."

"Very good. You are philanthropic—father  
mine—for which I kiss your cheek; and here  
we are!"

The coach drew up before a splendid stone  
mansion; and in a few moments, Winifred and  
pretty little Mrs. Marchmont were exchanging  
their delighted greetings in the shaded drawing  
room; while Mr. Atherton both vexed and  
amused with the new peacock of his daughter's,  
was borne rapidly down to his warehouses on  
Broad street.

CHAPTER II.  
Light and Shade.

"But the sun will shine, and the rain will fall,  
On the richest, lowliest spot;  
And there's mourning and merriment mingled for all  
That inherit the human lot."

GERARD MIDDLETON.

MR. Atherton was as good as his word.  
Gerard Middleton was sought, found, and installed  
as assistant correspondent in the counting  
room of the wealthy merchant.

Young Middleton's history, previous to this  
time, was that of many another of his class.  
His father had been a poor but talented artist,  
who, dying young, left his widow, and their  
child, Gerard, in a state of painful indigence.  
Mrs. Middleton came from a wealthy, as well  
as haughty family, and, having been disowned  
and cast off by these relatives, for wedding the  
man of her choice—she had too much of her  
kindred's stern pride, now, in her destitution  
to call upon them for assistance.

For three years she worked uninterruptedly  
for the tailors' shops in Boston, receiving in  
payment barely sufficient to keep roof and body  
together. The incessant toil and anxiety so  
wrought upon her slender frame that she was  
brought to a bed of sickness, from which she  
never arose. The kind physician—poor like  
herself—who, out of the Christian benevolence  
of his heart, visited her, said that only healthful  
food and country air could restore her. As  
well might he have prescribed the melted pearls  
of Cleopatra, or the powder of the Rubi-noor  
diamond. For days the meagre room where  
she dwelt was without fire—and night after  
night the darling boy went to his rude bed fasting,  
because there was no bread!

Ah! little recked the proud lady, who, in  
her robes of satin and velvet, wept at church  
over the pictured suffering of the Hindoos, and  
dropped into the plate a golden guinea to purchase  
clothes for the Sandwich Islanders—lit-

tle recked she of the poverty and distress but  
a few squares from her own spacious dwelling.

Little thought that wealthy, leading member  
of the P— Street Church, whose name headed  
with five thousand dollars, a subscription  
paper to solicit funds for erecting a monument  
to the memory of some good old divine, who  
had for years slept peacefully without pomp,  
and marble cenotaphs above him—little thought  
this lordly almoner of the pale woman starving  
to death within sight of the dome of his princely  
mansion!

Mrs. Middleton's powers of life wasted away,  
and with hands meekly folded upon her breast,  
she committed herself to the care of the God  
whom she was not afraid to trust. And He,  
seeing how weary of earth was her spirit, severed  
the silver thread, and rent in twain the golden  
bowl. And Gerard Middleton was crushed  
down by the words of the physician, who had  
remained until the last—"you are motherless."

The boy was ten years old then; bright, active  
and intelligent—and yet he was carried to the  
work-house. There were privileges of learning  
there—and there he improved to the utmost;  
and when he was thirteen, he was taken into  
the office of a legal gentleman as copyist. Here  
he remained a year or more, when his superior  
style of penmanship attracted the attention of  
Mr. Chambers, the senior member of a dry goods  
firm, and after a little settlement of preliminaries,  
Gerard was domiciled with his new employers.

His only friend, during all this time, was  
Ruth Mowbray—a pauper, as he, himself, had  
been. Both of Ruth's parents had died in coming  
to this country from England; and their daughter  
had been consigned, by the Captain of the vessel,  
to the home of the poor, immediately on their  
arrival in port.

Ruth was two years Gerard's junior; a  
beautiful fair haired, blue eyed girl; untainted  
by the associations which had of late surrounded  
her, and pure in heart as the heart of the  
white water lily.

The boy and the girl had continued like  
brother and sister; and as soon as Gerard was  
able to earn something, he insisted on sharing  
his pittance with her. Through his influence  
with Mr. Chambers, Ruth was received into  
the millinery store of Madame De Lanier, on  
Washington street, as an apprentice; where  
her sweet engaging manners, and lovely face,  
attracted many a customer to her employer's  
counter.

Gerard Middleton had been but a few days  
in his new situation, when Mr. Atherton invited  
him to ride out to the Hall, and pass the night.  
It was not exactly a cordial invitation, for the  
rich merchant had many doubts regarding his  
clerk. He was not sure but that the youth  
might have been guilty of the crime with which  
he was charged; and he did not feel exactly  
at ease in bringing a lad of such low degree  
into the society of the heiress of Atherton  
Hall.

But it was Winifred's expressed pleasure to  
see the suspected forger, and her father could  
deny her nothing which had the shadow of  
reason about it.

Mr. Middleton was received, by the young  
mistress of the Hall, with much kindness; and  
after tea, she set herself to work at sounding  
the attainments and qualifications of her  
protégé. Winifred was a close questioner, and  
Middleton was obliged to confess that he knew  
no language save his own, and that rather imperfectly;  
that he could neither sing or play,  
or cut a figure in the dance.

"Very well," said Winifred composedly—"I  
will teach you Latin and French. Sometime,  
when I go into business for myself, I am going  
to make you my foreign agent, and then the  
tongues of other nations will be of benefit to  
you."

"The Latin, in particular," observed Mr.  
Atherton who was reading the President's  
Message.

"To be sure, if he should be engaged in  
purchasing medicines, as I suppose he will;  
for you know, papa, I have serious thoughts  
of becoming a female physician."

"A female fiddle stick!" retorted Mr. Atherton  
indignantly.

Winifred was used to this mood of her father's,  
so it did not trouble her in this instance, and  
she made an engagement to commence her  
lessons on the following evening. Mr. Atherton  
would bring the pupil up in his carriage,  
at night, and take him back in the morning,  
she said; and Mr. Atherton was obliged to  
nod assentingly.

And thus it happened that Gerard Middleton  
came daily within the influence of this proud,  
warm-hearted girl. And during those  
quiet seasons at her side, he learned to know  
the meaning of every curl of her red lip, every  
toss of her queenly head; he learned to fear  
offending her, to love to toil for her approbation;  
to look upon her as upon the evening star,  
so gorgeously beautiful, yet so very far  
above his reach.

During six months this quiet continued, and  
then the time appointed for his appearance at  
court drew nigh. Gerard felt restless and uneasy;  
he feared condemnation, more because it  
would shut him away from his star, than because  
of his own disgrace and humiliation.

It was the evening previous to the day on  
which his guilt, or innocence was to be established.  
Gerard sat by the side of Winifred,  
repeating his task, when a note was brought  
in, and placed before him. He broke it open,  
ran his eye greedily over the contents, while a  
flush of joy mounted to his pale cheek. He  
gave it to Winifred—she read it aloud—

"Mr. Gerard Middleton—

I am on the eve of departure  
for Europe. I am purposing to confess to

Messrs. Chambers & Marshall the guilt which  
I now confess to you. I forged that check  
upon the Blackstone Bank, and caused you to  
be sent to draw it, because I hated you. I  
asked you once to introduce me to the pretty  
seamstress, Ruth Mowbray, and you refused,  
calling me some bad names that it is useless to  
repeat. I wanted to be revenged on you, but  
as I am rather a good fellow, I am willing to  
be generous, especially as I can afford it, having  
recently fallen heir to a fortune of an hundred  
thousand pounds, waiting for me in merry  
old England. I run no risk in exonerating  
you; as with my poverty, I renounce forever,  
the plebeian name of CHARLES COOPER."

There was a light of triumph in Winifred's  
eye as she finished reading.

"Well, father, what do you think, now of my  
discreetness?"

"It seems you were right Winnie; and I beg  
Mr. Middleton's pardon for distrusting him;  
but let us have no scenes. Go on with your  
conjurations."

It was found that Chambers & Marshall had  
received their accountant's confession, which  
freed Middleton from the stain, hitherto resting  
upon his character; and, of course, the indictment  
was withdrawn, and the innocence of the  
accused proclaimed.

All through the winter and early spring,  
Winifred devoted herself to her self-imposed  
task of teaching her father's clerk, and the  
most sanguine teacher must have been astonished  
at the progress made by the scholar.—  
Gerard's intellect was quick and vigorous;  
and he caught at all sources of knowledge with  
avidity—just such an avidity as was pleasing  
to the exacting nature of Miss Atherton.

Late in May came Winifred's sixteenth  
birth-day, and the quiet of the Hall was  
entirely broken up. On the evening which made  
her sixteen, the heiress was to be presented to  
society—brought out in a grand reception ball.  
Preparations for this great event went rapidly  
forward, and Middleton's visits were interrupted.  
Presents from attached friends poured  
in upon the young beauty, in lavish profusion;  
diamonds and pearls sparkled, and mingled  
together upon her dressing table; and bouquets  
of costly blossoms perfumed the spacious  
alcoves of the wide drawing room.

Winifred had pressed Gerard to be present  
at the reception—he had declined with a painful  
blush, which did not escape the eye of the  
petted heiress.

An engagement, he said, would prevent him  
from enjoying the pleasure, Miss Atherton so  
kindly offered him. Winifred's face flushed  
hotly; but she only said—very well, Mr.  
Middleton was at liberty to do as he chose.

Gerard did not tell her that this engagement  
—this walk to Chelsea with Ruth Mowbray—  
could be indefinitely postponed, as well; he  
did not tell her that his only reason for  
declining to be present at the *fête*, was because  
he had not, in the wide world, money enough  
to purchase a suit of clothes fitting to wear to  
such an aristocratic assembly.

But just before the hour set apart for the  
arrival of the guests; while Winifred was yet  
at her toilet, a simple cluster of wild arbutus  
flowers, fresh and sweet in their pink fragrance,  
came to her, with the name of Gerard Middleton,  
written on a slip of paper which entwined the  
slender stems.

Those pure flowers found a resting place in  
the silver glossiness of her hair that night, but  
Gerard was not there to witness the effect, and  
none knew the secret, but envied, giver.

Winifred Atherton was flattered to her heart's  
fullest content. She could not have wished  
for a denser cloud of incense than that which  
hung around her wherever she moved. And  
truly, she was radiantly beautiful enough to  
merit admiration; her robe of spotless satin  
falling in regal folds to her feet; the diamonds  
on her arms and neck hardly rivaling the fire  
of her eyes; and the heart of the damask rose  
no redder than her cheeks.

Proud heads bent low before her—strong  
hearts beat quicker at her smile, and in all that  
crowd of youth and loveliness there were none  
to compare with Winifred.

She sang—her voice was rich, and sweet,  
and powerful; and she played with the touch  
of a Thalberg.

She conversed—her lively wit, her tact, and  
versatility, astonished and charmed her listeners.  
Men admired her, and women grew pale  
with envy before her varied and matchless  
graces.

And Milford Winthrop, the leading lawyer  
on State street—the wealthy, influential and  
talented barrister, for once, acknowledged the  
power of beauty. He was twice Winifred's  
age; a tall, grave, stately man, with an unlimited  
good opinion of himself. Report vaguely  
whispered that there were circumstances  
connected with this man's first youth that,  
if known, would confer no lustre on his  
character; but he was rich and powerful—and  
no one cared to revive old, half forgotten  
memories.

Mr. Winthrop was the attorney of Mr. Atherton,  
and in his legal adviser, the merchant reposed  
unlimited confidence. Consequently, it may well  
be supposed that Mr. Winthrop's visits to  
Atherton Hall were received with favor by the  
master; though the fair, capricious mistress  
gave herself little concern about them, any way.

Mr. Winthrop was not a man easily discouraged.  
He was accustomed to winning all suits  
which he undertook, and he had no fears but  
that he should yet be successful in reigning  
over the heart of the beautiful, accomplished,  
and wealthy Miss Atherton. He was continually  
at her side; he rode, walked, and sang  
with her; he attended her to the City; and



sat in Mr. Atherton's box at the National Theatre.

Young men sighed that Winifred should be thus guarded by a cold-hearted old lawyer; and passed ladies, who had long had designs on the rich bachelor, wondered why Mr. Winthrop did not confer his attentions upon a person of sense and experience.

It must not be imagined that Winifred had no admirers save Mr. Winthrop, for she was literally surrounded with them. Through the season of gaiety which succeeded her birthday party, she was the queen of every assembly, the grand centre about which a train of satellites revolved. But in spite of all this homage, she grew colder and colder until her half-hopeless adorers called her The Heart of Ice; and yet they persisted in fluttering around her, hoping, perhaps, to melt the frosty mail.

Gerard Middleton never came to the house now; Winifred saw him only at rare intervals, when she called with some gay party, at her father's store, to assist in selecting bronzes and costly candle-labors for some newly wedded friend. At such time he never greeted her, unless she first addressed him. He never lifted his face to hers, though the crimson deepened on his cheek, and the pen he held moved unscissally over the paper. There was little of the cur about this proud clerk; he would not fawn about the hand that might, the next moment, thrust him away.

Toward the close of October, there was a party made up from Belleville, and the neighboring towns, for an excursion to Mt. Holyoke, and a week's sojourn in its romantic vicinity. Mr. Winthrop was to accompany Miss Atherton; Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont and other friends were to be of the party.

They were to go out to Springfield on the Worcester railroad, and thence up the river to South Hadley in row boats.

It was a fine, cloudless morning when they set forth, all anticipating a merry time; and all in good spirits. Winifred saw, with some surprise, that Gerard Middleton occupied a seat near her, and she spoke of it to Mr. Winthrop, who said that Mr. Atherton had sent the clerk out to Springfield, on business connected with his trade.

The train proceeded steadily and safely; every wheel performed its duty; every revolution of the great driving pumps of the locomotive was in order; no one dreamed of danger, or thought of death. They reached a long bridge built over an arm of the Chicopee river. There was a momentary trembling of the timbers, as the engine plunged over them—then, Winifred heard a dull, dead crash—she was sensible of nothing more, until Mr. Middleton, who had been standing in the door of the car, rushed to her side, and snatching her up in his arms, dashed with her out upon the platform. Not a moment's pause did he make to reply to her incoherent speech of resistance, but with one athletic bound, he cleared the tottering platform, and leaped with his burden into the water!

Bearing her up with one arm, he struck out for the shore with the other, and in a few moments Winifred, cold and dripping, stood upon the firm sand. Her cheeks burned crimson, and her eyes flashed laughingly as she confronted the young man.

"Sir, what means this insult?"

He lifted his hand and pointed in the direction of the train they had just quit.

"Look, and see!" he said calmly.

She did look, and all the pride and scorn went out of her face. The cheeks grew white—the eyes lost their angry brilliancy. She put her hand in his for support and sympathy. His fingers closed over hers, but neither spoke while they gazed together upon the sad scene.

The bridge, its massive timbers broken in the centre, lay tossing about in the swift current of the river; the mighty engine had half buried its chartered body in the hard gravel on the opposite side; and the cars in one crushed, confused mass, were piled up against the stone abutment of the bridge.

The unfortunate passengers, such of them as were left alive, were making their egress from broken windows, and rent doors; some with faces pale and bloody—others uninjured.

Of the latter class was Mr. Winthrop; who without delay hastened to the side of Miss Atherton, to offer his congratulations on her escape. He thanked Mr. Middleton coldly for the service he had done the lady, and drawing her hand within his arm, led her away to the nearest dwelling house.

Middleton bowed haughtily to this coolly expressive gratitude, and turned his back upon the speaker. What did he care for the scorn of the rich man, so long as the soft hand of Winifred had pressed his:—and her eyes looked—wet with tears—into his face? He knew she was not all ice.

And when Mr. Atherton heard of the conduct of his clerk, he was filled with admiration and gratitude, and thanked the young man in a torrent of enthusiasm wrung from the depths of his parental love.

#### POCKET BOOK LOST.

Mr. A. R. Laurence, delegate from Iredell county, to the Whig Convention at Raleigh, lost his pocket wallet on the N. C. Railroad on Tuesday night between Salisbury and Raleigh, containing one \$100 note, several \$10's and \$20's and some valuable papers. He had it out when paying his fare east of Salisbury and missed it on his arrival at Raleigh. The papers are of much more importance to Mr. Laurence than the money and any information concerning either will be thankfully received. Address A. R. Laurence Esq., Statesville, N. C.

## THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Terms.—Single subscriber, \$2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, \$1.50 each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

#### Apologetic.

We dislike anything in the shape of an apology, but we hope our readers will overlook the quality of the paper this week. Our pressman "wet down" the wrong paper, and did not discover it until it was too late to be remedied.

#### Editorial Correspondence.

WILSON, N. C., March 10th, 1860.

MY DEAR A:—I write you from the new, beautiful and thriving town of Wilson. But really it is so seldom I am permitted to throw off the labors and drudgery of the office life and wander off at large, untrammelled, I come to this pleasant task (!) with no little difficulty. What a freedom I enjoy; no table covered with manuscripts, pens and inkstands; no room knee-deep in exchanges; no little *impresario* crying "copy." How I luxuriate; walking the streets; or sitting cross-legged in the back store room by the fire, talking on politics, or farming, or education, or slavery, or matrimony as the inclination or profession of my audience would indicate, no care or anxiety on my mind. Ah, matrimony, that is the idea—I am told there are no young ladies in this section of the country; they are so beautiful and so rich, they marry as fast as they come on the carpet;—so I am told, and I see nothing to convince me to the contrary. Not a single young lady have I met upon the streets these last two days. This, you know is contrary to my way of living; pretty ladies I have been accustomed to, and pretty ladies I am obliged to see; life without them would be like a table, most properly and elegantly decorated with plates, dishes and the other necessary accoutrements, but *nothing to eat*—there would be much to admire, but very little to enjoy. You will not be surprised, from the foregoing, if I tell you I have made it convenient to visit both of the female Seminae located in Wilson. Of course you will not, for it is even so; and schools more energetic, more pleasantly located and promising more in the future, you will not find in the state.—Wilson, like Greensboro, is becoming a great educational center. It is a healthy locality, moral and intelligent community; educational facilities have heretofore been rather limited, but the impulse is now thoroughly awakened. Besides the female schools, there are also two male schools, under the same management with the female schools, though entirely separate and distinct from them.

The town of Wilson is the capital of Wilson county, and has a population of ten or fifteen hundred, though it is only about ten years old. It covers quite a considerable territory, each house being furnished with ample yard and garden. The houses are mostly of the cottage style, presenting a neat and beautiful exterior, indicating worldly prosperity and domestic happiness, or as the poetic idea—"love in a cottage." There are here several turpentine distilleries, a steam saw mill and a large carriage manufactory. In the line of carriages we have seen many imported all the way from New York, that could not compare with such as we find here, in style, beauty or price. I will not branch off upon that subject, however. There is magic in the very name of New York. The name "New York," engraved upon a carriage is sufficient magic to bewitch a pair of balky horses into the most sure draught double extra blooded stock; and there is no use, *nor sense*, in Messrs. Parker & Murray manufacturing fine North-Carolina carriages. And you know we have almost come to the same conclusion about a North-Carolina literary paper; the talk about patronizing "home institutions" is just exactly like the little fellows spoken of in the Bible. One said "I go," but did not, the other said "I go not," but went. Our people talk southern patronage to southern institutions, but they don't go it. At the same time they disclaim against patronizing the North to the detriment of the South, but they have "got a going and can't stop." Well, let them go. It is fun to us to make a good paper, whether anybody has good taste and state pride enough to read it or not. Wor h is not always appreciated; the greatest merit is sometimes ignored for a season. Milton sold his "Paradise Lost" for but a few pounds; Goldsmith often had to beg for something to eat. And who can tell but that after our heads are silvered over, and laid in the tomb, some more intelligent age may strike a lyre to our memory. With this sweet anticipation, I shall bid you "good night," and as I listen to the soft melody of the whistling wind around the corners of my room, I shall fall into pleasant dreams.

Yours, C.

#### The National Conventions.

The Executive Committee of the Constitutional Union party have fixed upon Baltimore as the place and the 9th of May as the time for holding the Convention to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

The Democratic Convention meets at Charleston on the 23rd of April.

The Republican Convention at Chicago, May 20.

#### Drowned.

George C. Mendenhall, of Jamestown, in attempting to cross the Ucharie river, in Randolph County, on the evening of the 9th inst., was drowned. He was seen that evening going toward the River. The river was swollen by recent rains, and is a very rapid stream. Next morning, some persons were passing and discovered his horse drowned, in the harness as driven in the river. Upon search being made, Mr. Mendenhall was found a few rods below drifted against a tree top. It was near night when he reached the river. He was on his way home from Stanley Superior Court. The first news was that he was drowned in the Pee Dee. This was a mistake.

He was a good citizen. His neighbors have lost a kind friend, and the Bar one of her ablest members.

#### Taxes of Guilford County.

In looking over the Comptroller's Report for 1859, we find the following return from the sheriff of this county:

Acres land.....	208,224
Valuation land.....	\$1,827,368
Town property.....	\$27,474

STATE TAXES.

Land.....	\$1,685 27
Town property.....	548 95
Polls.....	2,885 30
Interest.....	1,876 22
Dividend and profit.....	211 26
Solaries and fees.....	414 88
Mortgages and debts.....	81 70
Stock and jacks.....	16 00
Capital in negro trade.....	185 00
Capital in other trade.....	46 25
Marriage license.....	215 20
Petals and knives.....	22 50
Dolls and canes.....	3 75
Gold watches.....	168 75
Silver watches.....	86 40
Pianos.....	46 50
Plate and jewelry.....	19 32
Playing cards.....	8 75
Riding vehicles.....	477 83
Gold headed canes.....	1 00
Silver headed canes.....	50
Merchants' capital.....	1,112 42
Polers.....	40 00
Retailers.....	50 00
Circus.....	245 00
Horse and mule drovers.....	39 71
Express companies.....	10 00
Life savers.....	100 00
Patent medicines.....	37 50
Exhibitions for reward.....	20 00
Liquor dealers.....	18 28
Deeds for real estate.....	6 50
Delinquents for 1859.....	31 15
Collected Deceit.....	412 00
Total amount.....	\$10,571 28

COUNTY TAXES.

Poor, 10 cents per \$100 value real estate and 25 cents per poll.....	\$2,831 64
County purposes, 15 ds. and 40 ds.....	4,081 20
Schools, 15 ds. and 25 ds.....	4,062 65
Public buildings, 8 ds. and 17 ds.....	2,261 26
Insane asylum, 2 ds. and 4 ds.....	506 32
Total amount.....	\$13,822 06

Add the State and County taxes together, and you will have the sum of \$27,401 34.

#### Tired of the Durlays.

Petitions, of which the following is a copy, are said to be now in circulation in Western Pennsylvania, for signatures and presentation to the Legislature of that State:

"Your petitioners humbly represent that the rapid growth of the free negro population by immigration, within a brief period, is not only a burden to your petitioners, by increasing demands on our poor fund, but owing to their great indolence and dissipation, they have filled our prisons, thus increasing our taxes to an enormous extent. The recent raid at Harper's Ferry will result in stringent laws by the Southern States for the expulsion of free negroes from their limits; so we must shortly have thousands more of those unfortunate creatures thrown upon us, many of them in the decline of life, or otherwise incapacitated for labor. The exigency calls upon your honorable body to adopt some measure to prevent an increase of our already burdened condition. If your honorable body has not the power to prevent their emigration to this State, we would prefer a slave code."

#### The Aurora.

This beautiful monthly for January has just been received. The office has been removed to Memphis, Tenn., and the magazine is much improved. After next number it will contain colored fashion plates. Terms: \$2.

#### Board at Charleston.

We see it stated in the papers that the hotels in Charleston will charge five dollars a day during the sitting of the Democratic Convention. This looks very bad, especially when Charleston is making so much noise about competing with the North. If that is the principle upon which they expect to build up a trade they will find that southern patriotism cools off very fast when they touch the pocket.

#### CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

This crop was largely cultivated in East Tennessee last season; and as an evidence of its success the merchants complain that there is very little demand in the country for imported syrups or molasses. The Cincinnati *Scientific Artisan*, speaking of this product in the West, says: "Its value and profit as a crop was never held in higher estimation than to-day, and the amount of cash it has saved to the farmers of the West, which has usually been expended for sugar and syrups, has gone far to relieve them of their financial embarrassments."

The Iredell Express says the Presbyterians are about to build a fine new church in Statesville.

#### John G. Saxe's Lecture.

We have the pleasure to announce to our citizens, that John G. Saxe of Vermont, the celebrated poet and humorist, will deliver his descriptive poem, entitled "Love," on Wednesday evening 14th inst., in the Chapel of Greensboro Female College. We advise all who desire to enjoy a rich literary treat, to attend. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with Mr. Saxe's reputation, we append a few notices of the press:

JOHN G. SAXE, of Burlington, Vt., recited a new Poem on "Love," which was in his best vein. The Poem itself, and the recitation were admirable, and were received with unbounded applause.—*Boston Recorder*.

MR. SAXE's theme was Love, but the Poem must be heard to be appreciated. It contained wit, sentiment, sarcasm and humor, and was, in fact, what might be expected from its author, a most complete and brilliant effort of the Muse.—*Rochester Union*.

JOHN G. SAXE, the poet and humorist, was next introduced. It is impossible, in a limited space, to do him justice. His subject was "Love"—not merely the despotism, dangerous "Love" that is usually represented with wings and bow and arrow, but love Material, Patriotic, Philanthropic and Divine. Mr. Saxe kept the audience in an up or from the commencement to the close of his poem. Laughter and applause strove long for the mastery; but at the close of the last stanza the latter carried the day, and the audience carried a pleasing recollection of the occasion with them.—*N. Y. Times*.

JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., of Burlington, Vt., the Poet, was then introduced, and recited a poem on "Love," which was replete with wit and humor, and contained many beautiful passages. We omit, by special request, the publication of the numerous passages in this poem which elicited general admiration.—*N. Y. Ecce Post*.

In spite of every thing unpropitious, and the utter neglect of those powers whom poets adore, to send Mr. Saxe as fine a provision of weather as of wit, not only was the lesser hall of the Library completely filled, but many, we are told, went away for want of seats. The audience itself was evidently much delighted with the poem of "Love," and, by very frequent laughter and applause, bore witness to the many happy hits of Mr. Saxe, and the gay, well sustained verse which conveys them. We did not perceive that they missed a single one of the lively and often brilliant points which he made. Some of them—managed with a very artful trick of surprise—were highly effective, and welcomed as well as large bursts of hilarity as an audience so well composed could permit itself to indulge. Though letting fly, on all sides, harmonious jests at many follies, the poet let loose nothing ill-natured, nothing unbecoming, and pleased without wounding.—*St. Louis Republican*.

SAXE'S Poem on "Love," last Saturday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, more than made good the expectations of his warmest admirers. It was dignified and chastely classical throughout, although bubbling over with the richest humor. A driving rain storm, instead of keeping people at home, only tended to show their appreciation of this most popular of American lecturers, and their reception of his poem was genial and enthusiastic to the end.—*Chicago Times*.

Albany Hall was well attended last night to hear Mr. SAXE read his Poem on "Love." It was delivered in his usual style, and produced the usual effect. When the audience were not laughing or applauding, they were admiring some exquisitely delicate touch, or deeply intent on appreciating some dainty couplet. It would not be saying too much to assert that the reading last night gave better satisfaction than anything yet offered in the course.—*Minneapolis Sentinel*.

#### To Correspondents.

In a letter received from our contributor Laura L., she says:

"The Times is a pleasant and anxiously expected visitor to our circle, and more so that it is one of our own papers, published in our own State and near home. We would not think of changing it for any Northern Weekly or Magazine. I want to see and know more of Matilda. The two last pieces you published (all I have seen) are real gems. Many a lonely, grieving heart, will read again and again these simple and touching lines:

"Thinking and thinking of other years  
Till  
Chad drooped on my wasted hands,  
And my eyes are filled with bitter tears;  
And as in the ashes upon the hearth  
Sooty and slowly my hot tears fall,  
I think of the hopes of my by-gone life  
That have turned to dust and ashes all.  
I think of the faces I used to love,  
Of the eyes that so tenderly beamed on me,  
Of the hands that have clasped my own so oft,  
Of the lips that have spoken so lovingly;  
And I think of the joys that have passed away,  
From the places that gave them life and birth,  
Till a shadow, deep as the gloom of night,  
Falls darkly down on my heart's cold hearth," &c.

None but a gentle, womanly heart could have written these lines, one tried in the furnace of affliction,—the concluding verse breathes a submissive spirit which seems to have been "purified in the fires," looking to Heaven for the joys no longer to be found below.

Please send me a copy of that Volume of Poems by Matilda."

Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS—"Aunt Prue's Story" has been received, and we hope will prove a benefit to your sex. It will find a place soon. "A Fragment" and "The Mother's Prayer" are very pretty pieces.

There are several letters which require private answers, some of which must wait till our senior returns.

#### "THE AMERICAN EAGLE IN DANGER."

Under this head the New York Tribune describes a bogus \$10 gold piece, a most dangerous counterfeit, which had been detected at the United States Sub-Treasury, having been paid out by the Metropolitan Bank in that city. The coin stood all the tests of weight, sound, circumference and thickness. On being cut in two it was found that a genuine coin had been split edgewise, both halves being quite thin, then filed with some whitish metal, and remilled.

## MARRIED.

In Lexington, S. C., on the 10th February, Mr. GEORGE ANDERSON FISK, formerly of Salisbury, to Miss LAURA H. SMITH.

In Raleigh, on the 15th February, Mr. JOHN A. HONEYCUTT to Miss MARY REEDHEAD.

In Raleigh, on the 20th of February, Mr. BENJAMIN F. BROWN to Miss REBECCA ANN PARKER.

In Fayetteville, on the 6th inst., Mr. JOHN BRAS to Miss FLORENCE MENDON.

In Moore county, on the 4th inst., Mr. T. H. EWING, of Montgomery county, to Miss MOLLY B. THOMAS.

## DIED.

In this place, on the 8th inst., Mrs. ELIZA OZMENT, aged 22 years.

In Butte county, Cal., on the 20th December, 1859, Mr. ORAN A. STEWART, formerly of Clifton county.

In Richmond county, on the 13th February, Mrs. MARY WIFE, wife of Mr. Oliver H. Dockery, aged 32 years.

## COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.  
Reported expressly for The Times, by R. L. Cole.

March 10.  
Rice—12 1/2 cts. best 100 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 100 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 50 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 50 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 25 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 25 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 10 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 10 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 5 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 5 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 2 1/2 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 2 1/2 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1 1/4 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1 1/4 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 3/4 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 3/4 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/2 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/2 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/4 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/4 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/8 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/8 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/16 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/16 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/32 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/32 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/64 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/64 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/128 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/128 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/256 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/256 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/512 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/512 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/1024 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/1024 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/2048 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/2048 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/4096 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/4096 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/8192 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/8192 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/16384 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/16384 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/32768 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/32768 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/65536 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/65536 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/131072 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/131072 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/262144 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/262144 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/524288 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/524288 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/1048576 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/1048576 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/2097152 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/2097152 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/4194304 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/4194304 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/8388608 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/8388608 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/16777216 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/16777216 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/33554432 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/33554432 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/67108864 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/67108864 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/134217728 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/134217728 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/268435456 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/268435456 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/536870912 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/536870912 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/1073741824 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/1073741824 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/2147483648 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/2147483648 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/4294967296 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/4294967296 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/8589934592 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/8589934592 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/17179869184 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/17179869184 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/34359738368 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/34359738368 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/68719476736 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/68719476736 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/137438953472 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/137438953472 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/274877906944 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/274877906944 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/549755813888 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/549755813888 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/1099511627776 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/1099511627776 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/2199023255552 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/2199023255552 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/4398046511104 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/4398046511104 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/8796093022208 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/8796093022208 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/17592186044416 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/17592186044416 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/35184372088832 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/35184372088832 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/70368744177664 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/70368744177664 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/140737488355328 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/140737488355328 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/281474976710656 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/281474976710656 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/562949953421312 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/562949953421312 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/1125899906842624 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/1125899906842624 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/2251799813685248 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/2251799813685248 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/4503599627370496 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/4503599627370496 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/9007199254740992 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/9007199254740992 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/18014398509481984 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/18014398509481984 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/36028797018963968 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/36028797018963968 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/72057594037927936 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/72057594037927936 lb. bag, 25 cts. best 1/144115188075855872 lb. bag, 25 cts. better 1/144115188075855872 lb. bag, 25 cts. best







